
Title: Yew Times #18

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I wanted to dedicate this issue of the Yew Times to one of our close friends, Wolfthistle, who recently returned to Britannia with his lovely wife, Ferocia. Wolf was a old member of the alliance from days gone by, whom I had just recently met. I recall him as being extremely courteous and generous to a fault, and would go the distance to help people out. We all had been preparing for the upcoming Octoberfest even in Yew, and Wolf, like many of us was very excited getting things together. Everyone was just happy to have their old comrade around again, and they spent a good deal of time showing him all the new things that came about while he was absent. Wolfthistle had just purchased a piece of real estate from an Alliance member and was very immersed in its decoration. He had invited some decor savvy friends over to help, and had tried to turn a non-rotatable item with the decorator tool, which had obviously opened a rift to the spirit world. Chests began rotating of their own accord, and those present thought we'd have the first bona fide haunted house in Britannia. All that was absent was a voice crying

"Get out!" It was just 2 days before the event. Food preparation and game planning was in full swing, and Wolf was helping a guildmate with her costume idea. I remember Wolf mentioning that he was experiencing chest pains from climbing the stairs. The following day, I greeted the group and everyone was quiet. I asked what was up, and Southern Devil told me that they were having a moment of silence. I asked for what. Southern then told me that Wolf had died the previous night. I was dumbstruck, and many of us were so disheartened, that we were considering either calling off or pushing back the event. If we moved it back any further though, we'd have to call it Novemberfest. In addition, Wolfthistle himself had been looking forward to the event and had help to make it possible. And if we knew Wolf, he wouldn't have wanted us to cancel the celebration. In the upcoming days, when the time is right, we plan to have a memorial in his honor. We will miss you, Wolfthistle.

BAGUNK MAINTAINS HOLIDAY TRADITION

Like clockwork, the Bagunk stumbled out of his cave to disperse holiday spirits to be found by the citizens of Britannia. Because the Bagunk knows what the

people want, he doesn't
go for that cheap crap.
He packed his booze sack
with labels like Alderman
brandy, Azure Crest mist,
and Lord Douchebag
whiskey; making the
haunting season bearable
for adults worldwide.
Folklorists say that the
Bagunk can take many
forms, but only appears
to the enebriated. To
some, he might take the
form of a kindly, old
pensioner. To others, he
may appear as a spotted
and jovial gnome. A sailor
even claimed that the
Bagunk appeared to him
and his drunken friend on
the docks in the form of
a hooker named Cinnamon
who offered to entertain
them both at the same
time for the mere cost
of 50 gold. However, the
witness admits that he
may have been mistaken
because it was very dark,
and he was very trashed
at the time. Since the
Bagunk's appearance in
the land, it is not
uncommon to spot
carolers assembling before
homes, cheeks rosy from
the autumn cold and
alcohol induced dilation of
blood vessels, belting out
the traditional favorite:
The Bagunk has come to
town.

Do Dah Do Dah
Leaving bottles all around
all the do dah day
Gonna drink all night
Gonna drink all day
Just put some swag
in my booze bag
Then I'll go away.
The inhabitants of Yew
however, might prefer the
more traditional hymn
composed by a monk
following an incident
where the winery caught

fire during that same
season.
Haunted Night, Drunken
Night
Winery on fire, what a
sight!
Monks running naked
what a disgrace!
Brown robes scattered
all over the place.
Somebody, please save the
wine.
Somebody, please save the
wine.

This year, participants of
the Oktoberfest
celebration revived the
ancient tradition. Rival
teams departed Yew to
be the first to recover
the bottles left behind by
the Bagunk, using the
many clues provided.
Observers played trivia
while awaiting news of
the teams' progress.
Yellow team members
Sebastian, Tsifira, and
Jonahs took first place.
Drunken revelers were
encouraged during a lapse
of sanity to crowd into a
room, arm themselves
with bows and fire sharp
sticks into a target.
Giggle came in first
place, Kuro Kura, second
Blowfish, third and no
casualties were reported.
Little Bo Peep came in
first in the costume
contest for her costume
of Little Bo Peep. Her
sheep came in first place
for best mutton dish.
Oliver Twist and his
ferret came in second
for their "ferret lovers"
costume idea. Tatiyana
came in third for her
impersonation of the Land
O'Lakes Butter lady. And

finally, players with impaired reflexes and sense of balance competed to stack heavy crates. Sunwolf came in second, followed by Tatiyana in 3rd. We are not sure who came in first as Sunwolf who was keeping track, was believed to have been hit in the head by a crate resulting in a concussion and subsequent memory loss.

ADVERTISEMENTS

If anyone is in the market for human heads, come see me first! I have been particularly overzealous in preparing for the big head demand for the Halloween season, and now I am overstocked. I have some good quality stuff here, and talk about fresh! You won't find a fresher head unless you removed it yourself. I'm charging a one time only price of 20 gold pieces per head. How do I keep my prices so cheap? Because, I cut the head off the middle man, and pass the savings onto you. And what a selection! If you are interested in a high quality head, I'll be standing outside the gates of Umbra. Let me show you what I have to offer! Just walk up and say "Do you think the rain will hurt the rhubarb?", and we'll discuss what I can do for you. Because, here at "Some guy with sack standing outside Umbra", we're heads and shoulders above the rest.

The Tavern Nights dates
and locations are as
listed.

November:

11/07/11- Bramble

Rose-Malas

11/14/11-Horn of the
Unicorn 111o 27'N, 36o
46'E Trammel

11/21/11-Lotus Dojo and
Tea House-35o 26'N. 48o
9'W Zento

11/28/11-Mazewood Tavern
Co Ordinates: 60o 38'S,
25o 56'W Felucca

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